

THE BETHEL NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1895.

Uncle Luther's Cat.

And it came to pass that Uncle Luther's cat was fond of chickens even unto their destruction, and thereby Uncle Luther became filled with anger, for he being a law abiding citizen of himself, living at peace with all men as much as lieth within him, he decided that this abomination must cease: for Uncle Luther was in the four score and sixth year of his age with never aught against his neighbor.

Now it came to pass that as the birds sang in the shade trees, this pet cat of Uncle Luther came and stood in his presence, holding the evidence which further wrought the peaceful mind of Uncle Luther. Therefore he seized upon the piffling cat, determined to end its days. True to its nature the cat resented this assault from its kind old master and buried its teeth deep in the flesh of his hands until they were red with blood, while cries rent the air of that peaceful neighborhood. And behold there came unto him a butcher—a man mighty to kill—and he took a hand to kill, and so did the cat. And while the birds sang and people went their way in peace in the village that was built on a hill, the war waged hot on the hillside. And it came to pass that Uncle Luther was a man mighty in spirit and born to conquer, and he did, and the cat departed this life in the third year of its life, while in the vigor of its youth, and in the midst of its transgressions. Then did the butcher and Uncle Luther go away sorrowful, their hands stained with blood, while the cat was returned to the dust of the common mother earth, there to moulder in its shame.

C. S.

BRYANT'S POND.

Business seems to be improving here lately.

L. R. Day has lately made a business trip to Montreal.

Walter Bartlett and wife returned from their visit to Boston last Saturday afternoon.

Our new druggist has become quite popular with the people, and is having a brisk trade.

Universal Circle will meet with Mrs. Albert Mounford next Thursday eve. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Last Sunday a party of fourteen ladies and gentlemen of this place went to Rumford Falls to attend services at the new Universalist Church.

Ansel Dudley and wife went to Auburn last week to look at a farm on the Mechanic Falls road, but it did not meet their expectations, so they did not purchase.

Miss Gertrude Earle from Turf's College commenced her labors with the Universalist society, Sunday morning; this being her second year here.

A. D. L.

Our citizens are trying to arrange for a 4th of July celebration.

Miss Ola Dudley returned home Saturday from Dean Academy.

Mr. Cyrus Millett has returned from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Ada Selden, at Kansas City.

"Camp Crystal" will be dedicated this week, and arrangements will be made to make it an interesting occasion.

Byron Bryant, an employee of the G. T. R. Quarry Co., was badly injured by the falling of a derrick, at Portland, Thursday.

GORHAM, N. H.

Dr. Wight has improved so as to be out. He intends to take a short rest before resuming his practice.

A few enthusiasts attended the ball game at Berlin on Friday.

A game of ball was played on the common last Thursday between the Crescents and the Clerks, resulting in a victory for the Clerks by a score of 13 to 11. The Crescents appeared in their new suits and did good work. They are a team which would wait challenges from all adjoining towns.

A very interesting game of ball was played on the common again on Saturday between the first nine and a picked nine, resulting in a score of 19 to 12 in favor of the first nine. The Crescent battery again did excellent work against Gorham's heavy hitters. The first nine showed that they needed much practice yet. Come boys, get in the game and do some practice.

The report has been circulated that the Boston League Team have received an invitation from one of our neighboring towns to spend their first open date in the White Mountains, also to give an exhibition game. Probably it would be a one-inning game and very interesting. The date will be announced later.

Inflated craniums will then below par.

NORWAY.

Norway still continues to make improvements, and it is surprising to note how fast the marks of the fire are being wiped out.

F. P. Stone, the druggist, is building a new stable which seems to put the finishing touch to his elegant establishment.

Miss Hawkins is rebuilding on the old lot on the corner of Main and Danforth Sts.

Cyrus Woodsum has his house well along on his old lot and Ford Stone is building on the old lot next Frank Andrews. The vacant places are fast filling, and Norway will soon look as if nothing had happened to disturb her tranquility.

The electric car whizzing down Main St. is no longer a vision of the future but a reality of the present. The work is progressing rapidly and soon 'twill be an easy matter to call on So. Paris friends when you like without the probability of getting left by the steam cars.

The graduating exercises of the class of '95, Norway High School, occurred Friday evening, June 7th. All did themselves much credit in their allotted parts, and no one could feel other than glad that so large a class was leaving school to undertake the sterner duties of life. The following is the programme.

MUSIC
Rev. D. S. Hildcutt.

THE FIRST DUTY OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.
Charles E. Omgia.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.
Bessie B. Towse.

IT MOVES NEVER THE LESS.
Alice M. Rounds.

VIOLIN SOLO, WILLIAM TELL.
Mr. Given.

OUR LOVE FOR THE FLAG.
Iva D. Brown.

CLASS POEM.
Jessie L. Dismore.

THE MAY OF THE IRON MASH.
Cecilia H. Blackford.

THE BETTER WAY.
Edward A. Tyler.

OUR LIVES ARE WHAT WE MAKE THEM.
Edith M. Brooks.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.
Agnes W. Rounds.

CLASS HISTORY.
Grace B. Holden.

XTYPOGRAPHY SOLO.
Selected.

ANARCHY IN AMERICA.
L. Fred Pike.

DEFENSE OF THE NOVEL.
Eugene E. Elliot.

CLASS PROPHET.
Ambrose E. Warren.

SINGING CLASS ODE.
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC

The hall was a perfect power of beauty; the class motto "*Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus*," formed the arch over the stage, and much praise is due those who worked so hard in decorating.

ANDOVER.

Cooler.

Crops growing finely.

Mrs. John Twombly from Norway is visiting at her father's.

Meetings are being held to make arrangements for the coming 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Akers, and Fred Smith and wife have gone on a visit to Errol, N. H.

Rev. Mr. Eddy, Universalist, commenced his labors here June 16th. We are very glad to welcome him to our society.

Mrs. Herbert Morton who has been sick for some time with consumption, died last Thursday evening.

Mr. Timothy Hastings, one of our blacksmiths was thrown from a horse some time since which he was injured, and quite badly injured. The wheels passed over him in such a manner as to dislocate one shoulder, and bruise the other arm severely. He is however doing well at the present writing.

A heavy thunder shower passed over this place on Thursday last. The lightning struck the house of Mr. Henry Swett, doing considerable damage. The bolt entered near one of the chimneys, tearing off shingles, throwing quite a lot of furniture. It did not set fire to the house, neither were any of the inhabitants permanently injured.

Anon.

EAST BETHEL.

C. S. York visited this place the 9th.

Miss Lizzie Davis has returned to her home in Milton.

Miss Nellie Stevens of Rumford is working at Z. W. Bartlett's.

Mrs. Cox and daughter of Norway visited at W. H. Tracy's last week.

Mrs. and Mr. E. Bartlett of Mass. are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Bartlett.

The roads in this place and vicinity are now being repaired by the road machine under the direction of road commissioner C. M. Kimball.

Mrs. Ella B. Bean has had a handsome granite monument erected in the cemetery in this place, in memory of her husband, A. A. Bean.

Work done by E. E. Whitney & Co. Bethel, Maine.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Mr. J. L. Verrill and wife of Oxford, visited at this place last week.

Mrs. Davis and baby of Woodstock, visited at Mrs. R. G. Lane's recently.

Crops are looking at their best. Grass is fine, which speaks well for a good hay crop.

H. B. Chapman and A. E. Herck Esq. are going to Lary Brook fishing, next week.

Mrs. Hannah Penley of Haverhill, Mass. is making a short visit at her father's, Mr. A. P. Chapman's.

Rev. A. Hamilton, the Methodist pastor, passed through here making pastoral calls, one day recently.

J. M. Philbrook passed through this place last week, buying lambs, calves, and cattle, for Brighton market.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Chapman was suddenly called to Rumford Falls last Thursday, to attend the funeral of her granddaughter.

MASON.

D. E. Mills is peeling the poplar that he yarded last winter.

George Briggs and Alice Wheeler of Albany were in town last Sunday.

Frank P. Morrill of Norway was in town the past week on a fishing trip.

Mason Ladies' Circle meet this Wednesday P. M. with Mrs. Dolly Tyler.

E. Morrill has had his poplar pulp wood peeled between his house and F. I. Bean's.

J. C. Bean went to Auburn last Saturday to visit his son Herman Bean, returning Monday.

Our road commissioner Charles F. Brown, has just planked the bridge over the place where the old Dr. Mason gristmill stood, and is repairing the roads.

As Addison Bean and Edmund Mains were going to Bethel last Saturday, they saw a fine deer by the roadside in G. P. Bean's pasture, on Robertson Hill; he seemed perfectly at home.

When in Bethel last Saturday we met the editor of the *Bethel News* in his sanctum. He invited us in and gave us sample copies of his paper, which looks as though he had come to stay. We wish him success in his enterprise and a large list of subscribers.

Preaching at the church Sunday at 2.30 P. M. by Rev. A. Hamilton of the Bethel M. E. church. After the services, the Sunday school was organized with Miss Nellie Bean Supt., Mrs. Mattie Kendall assistant Supt., F. L. Bean Secretary, Librarian, and Treasurer.

Joseph Mason of Portland was in town Sunday.

Weston and Helen Donn of Naples were in town visiting the past week.

Mrs. J. H. Bean and son, are visiting at O. G. Mason's.

Naham Mason of West Bethel passed through this village Sunday.

Geo. H. Bennett is at work for F. I. Bean peeling poplar.

Road Commissioner C. F. Brown has been repairing the highways.

The Mason baseball nine went to West Bethel to play with the nine there. The game ended in complete victory for the Mason nine.

E. E. S.

GROVER HILL.

F. Bennett is relaying his kitchen floor.

Field strawberries are quite plentiful this season.

A. J. Pease is repairing his barn this week.

Grass is looking finely and is very forward.

Winifred Browne is paying a visit at N. Waterford's.

Mrs. Abiah Bennett is at her son Freeland's at the present writing.

Prof. and Mrs. Wight of Bethel called at this place a few mornings since.

Grace L. Bartlett came home from Shelburne, N. H., to remain over Sunday.

Cornelia French and brother George visited friends at Mason, a short time since.

Geo. Benson passed through this section recently, repairing watches, clocks, sewing machines, etc. He is a first class workman.

Ladies' Circle met with Mrs. Dolly Tyler Wednesday.

THE BEST SILOS.

These Are of Wood and May Be Round or Square, but Must Be Deep.

The value and economy of the silo have passed the stage of discussion. Advanced farmers everywhere have built or are building silos. As to material used in construction, the question was long ago settled in favor of wood.

The only points remaining to be considered are whether the silo should be round or square, single or double lined inside, or whether built in the barn or as an outside structure. The ideal shape is that of a cylinder, but a round silo in the barn is too costly in space, while a square or parallelogram fits into the corners of the barn and utilizes all the space.

Some of the wooden silos are lathed with the new channel lath and plastered with the best Portland cement. Some claim that a good board lining on the first sheathing, well painted with gas tar and gasoline, is preferable to plaster because it is cheaper, will last as long, and can be repaired when necessary quite cheaply. The usual lining consists of two thicknesses of boards, breaking joints, with a coat of tarred paper between the thicknesses of boards.

The silo lining and the outer coat which protects the silo frame from the weather are usually sufficient to prevent the freezing of silage. In the south there is no danger of freezing, and the silo lining is sufficient except that the sides exposed to the weather must be battened to protect the framework.

Strong pressure is one of the first essentials in the preservation of ensilage, and this can be attained cheaply only when the silos are deep. To insure the best ensilage the depth should be at least 24 feet, and 30 feet is better. The great pressure secured with depth excludes air by closing up the spaces in the ensilage and by forcing it strongly against the walls.

Wood lined silos ought to be so constructed that all lumber against which the ensilage does not lie may be kept too dry to permit of decay, while the lining itself should be removed as fast as the ensilage is removed from it. These conditions may be maintained in all comparatively dry climates by adopting modes of construction which insure very thorough ventilation, both by the silo pit and within the silo walls immediately behind the lining.

The cheapest form consists of pounded clay. A coat of cement is frequently applied to the floor. The best silos have doors almost continuously from the floor to the top of the wall. The form of roof is not important. It should contain a ventilator.

Crimson Clover.

Crimson clover is a plant the value of which can hardly be overestimated, especially as an excellent silage crop. It is a hardy plant, and in keeping up the supply of nitrogen in lands not worn out. The fact that it has become established so far north as Saratoga county, N. Y., is a fact which is well known to farmers, and that it is actually "spreading in poor land," is most gratifying and very suggestive, in the opinion of the Country Gentleman, authority on the following:

It has been calculated most successfully and profitably farther south, but it has been generally supposed that it would not thrive so far north as this. While it may not always survive our severe winters, and its growth is retarded by sudden changes of temperature, it does its farthest south, where it commences its growth in the fall and continues it in the spring. This instance shows that it either does not require so much winter protection, or else it comes to maturity from seed with exceeding rapidity.

In either case it indicates that the farmers in this latitude may avail themselves of the benefits of this plant in preserving and renewing the supply of nitrogen in their soils and in supplementing their supply of fodder plants. In confirmation of the ability of this plant to persevere itself, here we may state that a few tufts of it grew in an Albany county garden last season, and without any intervention on the owner's part it has appeared again this year in its full flower. These plants are evidently from seed sown last year, but whether the seeds germinated last summer or this spring we are not able to say.

THE ROYALIST.

The Princess of Wales, who occasionally tries her hand at writing, has a gold mounted note that cost \$300.

The King of Italy is the owner of a valuable hunting dog. It is lined with sable skin and is to be worth \$5,000.

The little Archduchess Elizabeth is the constant companion of her mother and a favorite with her grandfather, the emperor of Austria.

The most curious preoccupation in the world belongs to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

The King of Denmark was educated in France and speaks French fluently. He became a barbarian because he was disappointed in a love affair.

Kaiser William carries with him a small but serviceable revolver, either in his pocket or in his belt, when he is in uniform, because of the threats of the anarchists.

Russia's cross of St. George is given only for bravery on the field of battle, but the order has one woman member, the ex-queen of Naples, who won it by her gallant defense of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons in Italy.

OLD TIMERS.

The Lovelocks of Madison is only 98. They say that there is proof that Nicholas de Saxin of Zurich is 100 years old.

There are two negro women in Owensboro, Ky., each 100 years old.

Cassius M. Clay is nearly 84; ex-Governor and ex-Senator Fitch of Michigan nearly 100.

The day Elizabeth Elliott of Burksville, Ky., was 100 she walked nine miles. She died nearly a year later.

Joseph Field of Red Bank, who recently celebrated his one hundred and second birthday, was first married when 75 to a proty girl of 22.

Charley Benson, a Spearman (S. C.) farmer, is 83 and never borrowed money or took a dose of medicine. He never bought a pound of fertilizer for his farm either, which is nothing to brag of.

Johann Berg of Franklin county, Ky., was born in a poorhouse a little over 100 years ago, worked as a traveling tailor during his mature years, and then went back to the almshouse, where he still makes trousers.

BEVERLY AT THE BAR.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood starts out well as a practitioner before the Virginia courts. The first case was her own in seeking admission to the bar, which was once denied her. She has won her first case without relying to the law and abusing the court.—Washington News.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood has at length been privileged by the Virginia court of appeals to practice law in that State. It is a reason why a woman should not practice law if she can secure clients, and if she can secure clients she is a good lawyer, and no one has the right to say that a good lawyer should be deprived of the privilege of practicing law.—Boston Globe.

The Rainbow.

Flash, stormy, your lightnings from their slings, while on both is hurled; Of your great wrath God makes no secret. Of glory sound the word and abiding.

THE DOG NAPOLÉON.

HE GREW UP WITH HIS YOUNG MASTER, WHO WAS FOND OF HIM.

Did Some Things Little All Dogs and Other Things Besides—How He Frightened Aunt Chesterfield and Earned a Quarter For His Owner.

I paid a man \$2 for him when he was a little pup—the dog, I mean—and he told me—the man did—that if I would treat him kindly and give him plenty of corn bread—give the dog—he would guarantee—the man would—that he would grow up—the dog would grow up to be the best of him.—to the dog.

Napoleon got to be the largest dog and did it in the quickest manner of any dog I ever knew. I wore long ears at that time, I remember, into which boys used to stare, which boys were good deal, especially when Napoleon would take his claws and try to run them through my locks, although the locks never opened in that way. They were combing my locks, I suppose, and I didn't yet have my letters in my head to set the combination on. He also grew very strong, Napoleon did, so that I found it difficult to keep him at home without a leash, and even then it both annoyed me if anything happened to be going by. Catching sight of that dog, Napoleon would utter a glad cry and bound over the fence, utterly unmindful of the rope or me at the other end of it. Down the street he would prance, giving vent to short barks and drawing the attention of people after him, also myself. Neighbors coming to the windows used to marvel at the black and white streak we made in passing by. Sometimes I wouldn't get home till long after meal-time, which in those days was quite a detriment to me, though not to Napoleon, whose appetite soon became celebrated throughout the whole town, for when he couldn't get a pair of rubbers or a fur muff to slake the gnawings of hunger he would go out and collect the loaves of brown bread that bakers had left upon the adjacent stoops. I wouldn't like to print the things that people used to say about him at such times.

We grew up together—at least Napoleon did, for he had two feet the start of me. We were inseparable. Neighbors said they never saw anything more so, but that was chiefly because I couldn't get the rope fastened in time.

It was Napoleon's appetite that ultimately accomplished his ruin, just as it has many another man's. Aunt and Uncle Chesterfield came to visit us that fall. They lived at Jay Corners, and really ought never to have gone anywhere else, but there they were, getting out of the stage on Friday night, and what could we do? I heard father say that to mother as they stood looking out of the window together. Uncle Chesterfield wasn't really our uncle, you understand, but just an old friend of father's—I don't know how old, but he looked every day of it, and more. We called him uncle because he appeared that way. Aunt Chesterfield had the dangerous, which used to cause her to make up the earliest does. I realize now that it was from pain, but at that age I used to laugh, whenever she said I was a wicked boy. She also had a brown wig and rheumatism. Uncle Chesterfield didn't have anything but just warts—I think I counted 70—and Aunt Chesterfield. But I heard father tell mother that was enough.

Mother put them into the spare chamber, but the old fashioned bed bottom bed was with the white valances. There were also some green worsted lamp mats on the bureau. We all said good night, father wound up by saying that everybody went to bed. I was always a sound sleeper as a boy, so you must know that Aunt Chesterfield had to shirk pretty good to get me out, but she did it, and could have fetched me, I think, if I had been dead. I got right up and ran into the spare chamber before anybody could stop me.

Aunt Chesterfield was sitting in the middle of the bed in a red flannel nightgown. I didn't know her at first, because her mouth was wide open, shivering, and her face twisted with the dolorous, and the whitest, shiniest head you ever saw, which I remembered with copious looks of brown. But I saw how that was in a minute, for there was Napoleon over in the corner with a brown wig in his mouth, which he was tossing and worrying and carrying on dreadfully. Uncle Chesterfield you couldn't see at first, but by and by you found him with his legs stuck through the arms of a rocking chair, and every time he moved Napoleon would growl, not being acquainted with Uncle Chesterfield, and he was almost scared to death.

They took the stage back to Jay Corners the very next day. Mother was dreadfully shocked, but I noticed that father didn't get excited.

"I wonder who let that dog up stairs?" he said musingly after the stage was gone.

"I intended to say that I didn't know, but I got to stammering and mixed myself up, and before I realized what I was doing I found the truth right out and said that I did. Father gave me a quarter. I didn't know what for, but I supposed at the time that it was for telling the truth.

"But the dog must go," he added. "His appetite is growing too indiscriminate."

So we sold him to a man who kept a farm, and who soon afterward shot him for biting a calf on the legs. Napoleon used to do that to look couragers when he was with us, and nobody found any fault with him, but on a farm it is different.—W. O. Fuller, Jr., in Rockland Tribune.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

The ancient apple tree that stands beside the black, decaying sars. Once many has both for crooked hands. Half full of Maytime flowers and leaves. But the old gray house where the gold haired children. Blossomed out from window and door. At the early start of the warm May sun—The old gray house will bloom no more.

In that old apple tree again. Their loving nest the bluebirds fill; They warble to the mild spring rain. With waste soft the morning thrush. But the old gray house will have vacant windows. Where never a rosy cheek is pressed. Where all is silence and void and shadow. No bird came back to her empty nest. —Irene Putnam in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT FIREMEN FIND.

They Pick Up Curious Articles Sometimes.

A Touching Incident.

"Well, sir," said a stalwart looking fireman the other day, "we fellows don't have much time for 'looking about for things when a house is burning and perhaps people's lives are at stake, yet we do come across things occasionally."

"A brother wearer of the brass helmet used to tell how he was once at a fire—and a big one, too—and in making his way through the house positively saw bank notes burning away like so many pipe lights. He picked up as many as he possibly could, stuffed them in his pockets and went on with his work."

After the conflagration had ceased the man who was left in charge picked up among the embers an old fashioned pepper box—black and charred—filled with silver dollars, and a further search brought him to a number of rare old silver spoons.

"I have myself found two or three checkbooks, and once a set of false teeth, which I popped in my pocket and soon after was able to return to the owner, who proved his right to possess them without a doubt. I once brought out a genuine Stradivarius—a violin worth several hundreds of dollars—while diamonds and other jewelry have been saved in plenty."

"Indeed there are a thousand and one things a fireman finds and saves, though perhaps that which gave me the greatest satisfaction was an old rag doll. It was a touching little incident and quite true."

It happened at a big fire, and in the midst of the excitement—which I assume you few people realize—the word went forth that a little child was "up stairs." I don't want to boast, but away I went. I found her on the second floor, asleep in her little crib, with this old doll by her side. I caught the child in my arms and—she awoke. She looked up in my face and seemed to understand that I was saving her from the flames.

firm the fact that, in spite of
many feelings, he repeated
ment on three wasps with
cult.—London Globe.